

For the Saturday Gazette.
THEY KNOW NOT.
AN OLD MAID'S REVERENCE.
Content? seemingly so;
But, oh, could they know
Of the life hidden deep,
That I secretly keep
From their gaze. Could they know!

Could I love? Let their doubt
Find answer in all
The poor ways I devise
To hide deep from their eyes
The hot tears that would fall.

And the jest that they make,
In innocuous glee,
Do I meet with a smile,
But my cheek all the while
Growing pale, they never see!

Ah! why was there born in
My heart, Oh, so sweet,
The thought, that one liveth
Who hourly giveth
A prayer we may meet?

Will the flower now hid
From us in the seed,
Find its dream of the Spring
But a vanishing thing,
When it comes to be freed?

Though my head silver o'er,
My flesh fade in death,
Yet I'll keep this sweet thought,
God hath in my heart wrought,
Bright, till my last breath. H. C. T.

Our Carcanet.

When on the fragrant sandal tree
The woodman's axe descends
And she, who bloomed so beautifully
Beneath the keen stroke bends,
E'en on the edge that wrought her death
Dying she breathes her sweetest breath
As if to token in her fall
Peace to her foes, and love to all.

How hardly man this lesson learns,
To smile and bless the hand that spurns:
To see the blow, to feel the pain,
And render only love again!

One had it—But He came from heaven,
Reviled, rejected and betrayed;
No curse he breathed, no plaint he made
But when in death's dark pang he sighed
Prayed for his murderers, and died.

Edmonstone.

After Dinner.

A famous punster was desired to make a pun extempore. "Upon what subject?" asked he. "The King," answered the other. "O, sir, the King is no sunsor," was the response.

"How does your newly purchased horse answer?" said the late Duke of Cumberland to George Lewlyn. "I really don't know," replied George, "for I never asked him a question."

Dr. Johnson was once asked by a lady who had been playing some exquisite selections upon the piano-forte, if he was fond of music? "No, madam, but of all noises, I think music is the least disagreeable."

The wit, Jerold, observed at a ball a very tall gentleman waltzing with a remarkably short lady, he said to a friend at hand, "Humph! there's the mile dancing with the mile-stone."

A medical student was asked to give an example of the effect of heat expanding in the speech of a country lad to an idler, who boasted his ancient family: "So much the worse for you," said the peasant, "as we ploughmen say, 'the older she's the worse the crop.'

A girl forced by her parents into a disagreeable match, when asked by the clergymen if the marriage service, if she consented to take the bridegroom for her husband, said, with great simplicity, "Oh, dear, no, sir; but you are the first person who has asked my opinion about the matter."

Man is a sort of tree which we are too apt to judge by the bark.

—A doubtful compliment—
The speeches made by P— are sound,
It cannot be denied;
Granted; and then it will be found,
They're little else beside.

Housewifery.

Oilings—Never allow a door to creak for want of oil, or to shut hard so as to require slamming to make it latch. For this purpose pass around once a week at some regular time, say Saturday evening or Monday morning, with a drop of oil on a feather, or on the tip of the finger, and give every rubbing part, latch, hinge, &c., a touch. The door and walls will last longer than when incessantly pounded and battered, and the disagreeable noise will not make sick persons worse, or annoy well ones.

Scissors sometimes work hard, when a tenth of a grain of oil, touched along the cutting edges to make them move easily over each other, will improve them greatly.

VENTILATION—would be more easily accomplished and more certainly performed, and rooms kept with purer and healthier air, if windows were made to slide easily. If not freely by pulleys and weights, never permit a broken pane in a house.

Cellars—should be kept constantly clean—as much so as your parlor. It is the easiest thing in the world, if you attend to it daily; and only becomes a heavy task when you allow a month's accumulations: on the principle that the boy who combed his head once a summer was amazed that any one could do it daily.

Agricultural.

A NEW GRAIN COUNTRY.—The District of Manitoba, so called from the lake of that name in British America. It will soon be opened for settlement. Its magnitude can be understood when we mention that the distance from the point where the North Pacific Railroad will cross the Red River of the North, to Lake Manitoba, is 360 miles, and about 600 miles from St. Paul, Minn. The included grain-growing country, scarcely yet entered upon, is nearly 500 miles in width by 1,000 or more miles in length, full of prairie and forests, navigable streams, great lakes and countless small ones, too numerous to designate on the maps of the country, and mineral wealth

as yet unknown. A few pioneers only have ventured into this rich agricultural country, but before many years have passed by it will be the home of millions.

The New England Farmer well says: "We are often asked by young farmers our opinion about going into some particular branch of business."

Whether horses, or cattle or sheep are preferable?

Whether there is the most money in the dairy or wool?

Whether to sell milk or make butter?

Whether poultry raising is profitable?

Whether, in fact, this or that branch is most advisable?

Answers to these questions must be based, as we have already intimated, on a full consideration of such circumstances, as soil, markets, preferences of the farmer and his family, etc., but after all, what one does in less of consequence than how he does it. Whatever you undertake, master it if possible. Don't expect to make a fortune at farming in one year, or in five years, strive to raise crops of superior quality. Don't be satisfied with anything short of the very best in your line, and when you have gained a reputation for raising good crops and for fair dealing, keep that reputation. It is as valuable to you as the farm itself.

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THE AMERICAN RESTAURANT.

The typical American restaurant is an establishment quite as well individualized, and quite as characteristic, as anything of the kind to be found in the world. The French *café*, the German beer-garden, and the English chop-house, all have their characteristic habits, appearance and manners; but the American restaurant is like neither of them. It can only be conducted by an American, and, we regret to say, it can only be frequented by and enjoyed by Americans of the second and lower grades.

The aim of the conductor seems to be to sell the greatest amount of food in the shortest possible time—an aim which the guests invariably second, by eating as rapidly as possible. We have seen in a Broadway restaurant, a table surrounded by men, all eating their dinners with their hats on, while genuine ladies, elegantly dressed, occupied the next table, within three feet of them. In this restaurant there was as much din in the ordering of dishes and the clash of plates and knives and forks, as if a brass band had been in full blast. Every dish was placed before the guests with a bang. The noise, the bustle, the hurry in such a place, at dinner time can only be compared to that which occurs when the animals are fed. In Barnum's caravan. We do not exaggerate at all when we say that the American restaurant is the worst mannered place ever visited by decent people. No decent American ever goes into one when he can help it, and comparatively few decent people know how very indecent it is.

It is useless for the incredulous American to ask the question, "Where have you been?" When in a second-rate restaurant a guest asks for fish balls and hears his order repeated to the cook by the colored waiter as "sleevy" buttons for one!" and hears his neighbors order for pork and beans transformed into "stars and stripes," he begins to wonder, indeed, whether "civilization" is not "failure," and whether the "Caucasian" is not "played out." The average American, in the dinner in the average time of six minutes and forty-five seconds. He bolts into the door, bolts his dinner, and then bolts out. There is no thought of those around him, no courtesy to a neighbor, no pleasant word or motion of politeness to the man or woman who receives his money—nothing but a fearful taking in of ammunition—the feeding of a devouring furnace—and then a desperate dash into the open air, as if he were conscious he had swallowed poison, and must find a doctor and a stomach pump, or die. A favorite method of devorung oysters is to stand, or sit on a high stool, always with the hat on; oysters on the half shell and the eater under a half-shell. There may be something in the position that favors degustation, we don't know.

The penalty a man pays for getting his lunch of his dinner at a reasonable price is to encounter the offensive scenes we have described. The penalty he pays for eating where he finds the manners of civilization is an unreasonable price. When a man pays half a dollar for a bit of cold meat, or seventy-five cents for a steak, or a quarter of a dollar for a couple of boiled eggs, he recalls sorrowfully and wonderfully—if he has ever traveled—the nice little breakfasts he used to get at Madame Dilijon's in Paris for two francs, his dinners in the *Palais Royal* for three, his daily board, with rooms, at the *Pension Picard*, in Geneva, for five, and his luxurious apartments with an elaborate *table à feuille* at all the principal hotels of the Continent for ten. Is there any necessity for such prices as we are forced to pay at the best restaurants—or an apology for them?—*Scribner's Monthly.*

There was much sound palatable argument in the speech of a country lad to an idler, who boasted his ancient family:

"So much the worse for you," said the peasant, "as we ploughmen say, 'the older she's the worse the crop.'

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